NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 3, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Difference Is Atomic

MEDFORD EVANS

Adlai Stevenson: Patrician with a Mission, II

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Reflections on Election Eve

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . JAMES BURNHAM

L. BRENT BOZELL · FRANK S. MEYER · WILLMOORE KENDALL

EUGENE LYONS · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · RUSSELL KIRK

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The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

Election Forecast

Washington, Oct. 23 — Knowing the hazards of forecasts but believing that a political reporter has an obligation to call the turn as he sees it, I predict that Mr. Eisenhower will be re-elected by a minimum electoral count of 311 votes out of the total of 531.

I believe the Republicans will gain three Senate seats and lose three to five. (The present division is 49 Democrats and 47 Republicans.) While it is traditional for the House to go with the Presidency, I think this election will be the exception. (The present division in the House is 232 Democrats, 203 Republicans.) I believe that the Democrats will increase their majority. In the marginal districts which change parties with considerable frequency, the Democratic advantage is material. Forty-eight of the Republican Representatives chosen two years ago were elected by majorities ranging from a fraction of 1 to 3 per cent. Only 22 Democrats had less than a 4 per cent majority.

The House and Senate races in most cases depend on the individuals and local or state issues and are not likely to be greatly affected by the Presidential contest. In the race for the Presidency the old axiom still seems to hold good that you can't beat somebody with nobody. Without depreciating Mr. Stevenson's talents and virtues, they are apparently inadequate against the far greater acceptance of Mr. Eisenhower as an individual and as a leader. While the campaign lacked old-fashioned issues, there were many factors that contributed to the Eisenhower appeal, including peace, prosperity, general popularity, the conviction that he understands world affairs better than Stevenson because of his personal role in them during the war and after, his status as a family man, and last but far from least his hard-hitting, personal command of the last phases of the campaign.

State	Electoral Votes	For President	For Senator
Alabama	11	Dem.	Hill (D)
Arizona	4	Rep.	Hayden (D)
Arkansas	8	Dem.	Fulbright (D)
California	32	Rep.	**Kuchel (R)
Colorado	6	Rep.	*Thornton (R)
Connecticut	8	Rep.	*Dodd (D)
Delaware	3	Rep.	
Florida	10	Dem.	Smathers (D)
Georgia	12	Dem.	Talmadge (D)
Idaho	4	Rep.	Welker (R)
Illinois	27	Rep.	*Stengel (D)
Indiana	13	Rep.	Capehart (R)
Iowa	10	Rep.	Hickenlooper (R)
Kansas	8	Rep.	Carlson (R)
Kentucky	10	Dem.	∫Clements (full term) (D) ⟩*Cooper (short term) (R)
Louisiana	10	Dem.	Long (D)
Maine	5	Rep.	
Maryland	9	Rep.	Butler (R)
Massachusetts	16	Rep.	
Michigan	20	Rep.	
Minnesota	11	Rep.	
Mississippi	8	Dem.	
Missouri	13	Dem.	Hennings (D)
Montana	4	Dem.	
Nebraska	6	Rep.	
Nevada	3	Rep.	Bible (D)
New Hampshire	4	Rep.	Cotton (R)
New Jersey	16	Rep.	
New Mexico	4	Dem.	
New York	45	Rep.	*Javits (R)
North Carolina	14	Dem.	Ervin (D)
North Dakota	4	Rep.	Young (R)
Ohio	25	Rep.	*Lausche (D)
Oklahoma	8	Dem.	Monroney (D)
Oregon	6	Rep.	Morse (D)
Pennsylvania	32	Dem.	*Clark (D)
Rhode Island	4	Dem.	
South Carolina	8	Dem.	∫Johnston (full term) (D) ⟩Thurmond (short term) (D)
South Dakota	4	Rep.	Case (R)
Tennessee	11	Dem.	
Texas	24	Dem.	
Utah	4	Rep.	Bennett (R)
Vermont	3	Rep.	Aiken (R)
Virginia	12	Dem.	
Washington	9	Dem.	Magnuson (D)
West Virginia	8	Dem.	Marland (D)
Wisconsin	12	Rep.	Wiley (R)
Wyoming	3	Rep.	

Total Electoral vote:	Democrats 220	Republicans 311
Present Senate:	Democrats 49	Republicans 47
Next Senate:	Democrats 50	Republicans 46

*Represents a gain from the opposition.
**Possibility that Richard Richards will defeat Kuchel.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The WEEK

● The brutal suppression of the Hungarian revolt re-emphasizes, one more tragic time, the nature of the movement with which some dream of coexisting. The only honorable reaction to the horror going on in Budapest is an immediate suspension of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

● Last week-end, the State Department directed all hands to man their phones till they found out what was *really* going on in Poland, even if it took them all night. Dedicated men, they labored through the long afternoon to reach the American Embassy in Warsaw, only to find that it had coding and transmission problems of its own; many tried to pump their favorite contacts at the Polish Embassy in Washington, but one cannot count on foreigners in a crisis; an entire subdivision tried to check with its most reliable spies, but all of them had left the city for the week-end. Just as the Department, with controlled despair, was reaching the end of its tether, a young bureaucrat *came through!* "Call," his voice rang out, "the *New York Times!*" They did; and got hold of the information they needed. After such prolonged uncertainty, it was good to know.

● Such indignation as greeted Bulganin's newly-identified "interference in American internal affairs" by his note on H-bomb testing! Poor Bulganin! He must have thought our politicians are just as casual about votes as they are about spies.

● In his pre-election trip through the Midwest, some notes on which were published last week, James Burnham found repeated direct confirmation of the trade-union takeover of the Democratic Party, analyzed by Mr. Brent Bozell (NATIONAL REVIEW, Oct. 20). In many smaller and expanding industrial cities throughout New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, where there is no entrenched Democratic machine, Mr. Burnham found the unions quite openly in charge of Democratic Party affairs. They were bringing the voters in to register, assembling the crowds for meetings, distributing posters, buttons and literature. They will get out the vote, and increasingly they are deciding candidates and policies. Hotly contested Flint, Michigan, was a significant example. There one finds the headquarters of UAW Local 599 (Buick) crowded with election activity, while at the Flint Democratic head-

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quarters the same afternoon there is not a single citizen present in a large, elaborately equipped layout, other than four party workers forlornly waiting for customers.

● "Let all schools of thought crow in competition," Comrade Mao Tse-tung has ordained, "and let all flowers bloom." Chinese intellectuals are glad to take him at his word, but want to be altogether sure what the word is, and so are peppering the newspaper columns with requests for elucidation. "Who," one asks, "is qualified to crow?" "How do you distinguish," asks another, "'flowers' from 'grass'?" "Can one crow before his school of thought is approved by the Communist Party?" asks a third. The apprehension to get it just right is traceable to a recent statement of Red China's cultural czar, Kuo Majo (who once prophesied that Stalin, when dead, would rise again). "The contending voices of all scholars," he wrote, "should resound like a noble symphony." But he brought along his own elucidation. "Those who play out of tune or deliberately bring discord to the orchestra will have to be muffled."

● The Committee Against Socialized Power in New York State has requested a foundation to finance research on the New York State Power Authority's license to develop power on the St. Lawrence River, the validity of which the Committee questions on juridical and libertarian grounds. Why not? Countless foundations have financed countless inquiries into our diminished freedoms, and the causes thereof. Is not burgeoning government also a threat? Quite a few distinguished philosophers of freedom think so. Why not look into the question? And related questions, such as the limitation on freedom imposed by taxation? Let the foundations step forward.

● The ultimate perfidy department: A young Portuguese thief, gallantly engaged in appropriating a policeman's motorcycle parked directly in front of a Lisbon jail, was spotted by the inmates, and turned over to the common enemy. *O tempora! O mores!*

● If anybody in New York finds police officers inexperienced in the art of running down criminal malefactors, tolerance is in order. If one hopes to pass New York Civil Service examinations for police officers, one cannot expect that there will be time left over to devote to workaday problems of crime. Here is one question a police officer is supposed to know the answer to: "Of the two types of crime, namely crime as deviant behavior and crime as learned behavior, the theory of deviant behavior is implicit or explicit in most predictive studies . . . From a learning viewpoint of delinquency the emphasis would have been upon accessibility to delinquent associates and upon the continued influence by delinquents as against conventional persons." The answer (the one of the five alternatives that the examinee is supposed to check): "Personality factors are more significant than cultural factors."

The Kremlin and the Poles

Suppose that the assembly of experts on the Soviet Union who have in recent years guided our official policy had been asked in 1955 whether it was possible that, within a year, in a major Soviet satellite: crowds of demonstrators would fill the streets; known rioters would be set free instead of shot; public slogans would tell the Russians to go home; the local press would argue defiantly with Moscow's *Pravda;* the leadership, after a public campaign against it, would be rejected in favor of a man then in jail; the new leaders would defy the orders, delivered in person, of the Russian Party. The reply would have been: it is not possible. It is excluded by the extent of the Soviet Union's subjugation of its victims. Most would have agreed that the last chance for such developments expired when the East German demonstrations were suppressed with no reaction from the West.

Yet all this and more has happened in Poland. It is just this confounding of expectation by fact that measures the magnitude of the Polish events. History and human beings—the makers as well as the victims of history—once more prove to be more surprising, more creative, than historians.

Of course nothing is decided yet. This is a first step on an arduous road, not the end of a journey. Of course the new Polish chief, Wladyslaw Gomulka, is himself a hardened Communist, an enemy of the West, of freedom and of God. The Kremlin is so far only pricked, not wounded. The foundations of Soviet power are not crumbling; there are only cracks, still very thin. Coldly calculated, the odds are high on Moscow's overcoming its immediate trouble, even on its emerging in the end stronger than before from the very act of overcoming the new challenge.

But the slave continues to stir against his master.

The strategic situation is, from Moscow's perspective, intolerable. Therefore the Kremlin *must* attempt to remedy it. But it is not easy for Khrushchev & Co.'s "collective leadership" to do what it must do.

The most direct solution would be to order the Russian troops to fire: that is to say, to solve a basically military problem militarily. But if the troops fire, the entire de-Stalinization policy collapses, and on a world scale.

The indirect solution is political: to delay with the hope that the mass upsurge will quiet down, and that, by combining cajolery with pressures, a "national Communist" Polish government can be brought

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fully into the Moscow line. But this is a delicate and lengthy operation for Khrushchev & Co., with their already diminished prestige, to direct.

The present crisis may thus call for the reconstruction of a truly monolithic hierarchy, culminating once more in a recognized No. 1, and able to act with the kind of unwavering decisiveness that a totalitarian system seems to require.

If the Eisenhower Administration is in any degree serious about that "liberation" of Eastern Europe about which it has so often spoken, then it should be ready for action along at least two indispensible lines:

1. If Poland does, *in deed and not merely in slogan,* move away from Moscow, then we should be prepared to offer our help to make its break economically viable. Then and only then. This means not merely foodstuffs, loans and credits, but a quick reorganization of international trade relations so that Poland can cut the ties by which Moscow has fastened her to the Soviet economy.

2. An attack on Poland by the Soviet Army, of the kind launched against Hungary, must be forestalled. Under present circumstances, Moscow cannot go to war against the West. Soviet military action against Poland can therefore be stopped by a short statement from Dwight Eisenhower: a declaration that, since Soviet aggression against Poland would be a violation of the relevant treaties and agreements, an attack on world peace and a threat to the security of the United States and its allies, it will be deemed by the United States a *casus belli.*

Unknowns Only

1. *News item: Former President Harry Truman stated last night that he had never solicited Communist support, and had never knowingly had any dealings of any kind with known Communists.*

2. *From the Daily Worker, July 27, 1944, an article entitled "Truman—and Machine Politics," by Adam Lapin.*

"Truman has a real understanding of the complex and important problems of reconversion as a result of the work of his committee. This will be important in view of the fact that reconversion will be getting under way during the campaign, and that the problems of post-war adjustment will play so large a role in the next four years.

"Truman hasn't been a machine politician in the Senate. He has been concerned with some of the biggest issues of our times and on many of them he took an advanced position which required courage and vision."

3. *From the Daily Worker, August 20, 1944, a letter addressed to Mr. Samuel Barron, Public Relations Director, Daily Worker, 25 East 12th Street, N. Y.*

"Dear Mr. Barron:

"Appreciate very much your letter of July 27, enclosing me a copy of an article by Mr. Adam Lapin. I think he has made an excellent analysis of the situation and I appreciate it most highly.

"I have been completely snowed under with correspondence—hence the delay in thanking you.

"You have my permission to print my comment.

"Sincerely yours,
"Harry S. Truman
"Harry S. Truman, U.S.S."

On Checking the Checkers

The distinguished lawyers who have just published a formal statement entitled "Recent Attacks Upon the Supreme Court of the United States" have done a poor service to public discussion of the interposition issue.

On the positive side, it merely reiterates the respectable (and in our view erroneous) doctrine that the judiciary, and only the judiciary, is entitled under our system of government to interpret the Constitution. That position we have always with us: and had the statement's authors contented themselves with articulating it, and the familiar arguments in support of it, no harm would have been done. Instead, however, they have shamefully distorted the position adopted by their opponents, palmed off as a venture in legal theory a patent attempt to influence the

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course of political events, and, by clear implication, accused an admirable and courageous elder statesman of recklessly fomenting "disrespect for our highest law."

The issue in the present controversy simply is *not,* as the statement pretends, the Supreme Court's power to review Acts of Congress and of our state legislatures. That power is indeed an integral and necessary part of our constitutional system, and so far as NATIONAL REVIEW can learn no spokesman for the interpositionists, and certainly not Governor Byrnes, has called it into question, or suggested that the Supreme Court be deprived of it. The issue, rather, is whether the checks and balances of our system can, short of amending the Constitution, be called into play against the Court as they can against all other American agencies of government—whether, in a word, the Constitution, rich as it is in safeguards against abuse of power by the other agencies of government, offers no safeguards against abuse of power by the judiciary. And the "usurpation" of which Governor Byrnes accuses the present Court is a matter of its allegedly having used its clearly constitutional power of review to accomplish *an unconstitutional purpose.*

The statement's authors clearly think that the Constitution offers no such safeguard, and they would presumably add that none is needed. But they cannot establish either of these propositions by parroting the "case" for judicial review as set forth in our textbooks on American government.

Reflections on Election Eve

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I do not know by how many votes Dwight Eisenhower will be re-elected. But I suspect that if one were to subtract from his total the votes of those who are for him purely on grounds of relative merit, that is to say the votes of those who feel that though he is the better of the two, he is a bad thing, he would lose the election. Many who will vote for him would insist on putting their feelings more exactly, by saying Eisenhower is the *less bad* of the two candidates. If Eisenhower is due to get his marginal support from those who are *dis*satisfied with him, but are more dissatisfied with Stevenson, it becomes highly relevant to understand the nature of the differences between him and his adversary.

What about the men themselves? I happen to think that if Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhower were each given a South Sea island over which to preside as absolute monarch, life in one island would not differ significantly, in internal affairs, from life in the other; in foreign affairs, the two kingdoms would also be similar, maintaining, I should guess, a most fraternal relationship, what with exchange students, intermarriage, golf tournaments and much else dedicated to inter-island understanding. I do not believe that society-shaking or world-shaking ideas would spontaneously generate in either man's mind. Mr. Eisenhower is not fascinated by social abstractions, and the evidence is that Adlai Stevenson, when left alone, was not victimized by them. But it is not enough to explore the minds of the two candidates. They are both tied to circumstances.

Up until the campaign began, there were no substantive differences of opinion between the controlling factions of the two parties. In foreign policy, the mood was "bipartisan." On the most explosive domestic issue of the Supreme Court's intervention in the South, the parties were as one. On the regulation of the economy, both were committed to the notion that the responsibility for the nation's economic metabolism is the state's. In behalf of the welfare of the people, both tended to more and more federal activity; one party would emphasize the need for immediate action in one field, the other would stress another field; the Democratic Party tended to justify its position by an appeal to abstractions—to the "rights of minority groups," to "equality," to "parity," to "social justice"—while the Republicans, with a whiggish contempt for ideology, used a different vocabulary, the indigenous vocabulary of pragmatism. But the movement was in the same direction.

The concessions made by Republicans to those who oppose the growth of the state were episodic, and seemed almost wayward. The return of the tidelands, the encouragement of private development of nuclear power, the abolition of price controls, the rejection in the Far West of federal power projects, rendered some of those hungry for the least recognition sublimely happy, and eternally grateful, as an aging coquette is grateful to the man-about-town who, every now and then, will pause in making the rounds to blow her a flirtatious kiss. Others reacted differently: The Eisenhower program calls for a net increase in government—what with the expansion of social security, the call for gigantic federal expenditures on highways and schools, the impudently counterfeit soil bank program, and the rest of it. Yet that is not the measure of the Republican Party's relapse into the collectivist approach to social problems. The measure is not in its very own statist innovations or expansions, but in the easy and wholehearted acceptance of all that came before, of the great statist legacy of the New Deal.

But during a national campaign, the compulsion quite naturally arises to find a justification for so unsettling an interruption in the national life. That is generally done by stressing one's differences with one's opponent. And if the differences are so minor

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as to make the stressing of them appear precious or contrived, why the tendency is to create genuine differences. It is, of course, up to the challenger to identify those differences. In Stevenson's case it was easy, for he had only to lend an ear to the left-wing ideologues who are always buzzing about him. He had merely to let Walter Reuther dictate, and Arthur Schlesinger verbalize, the specifications of the New America into which he is born to lead us; or to let the vociferous Oppenheimer faction among the atom scientists suggest arresting and glamorous means of mitigating the horrors of war.

So Adlai Stevenson succeeded in reawakening the interest of the left in his cause. But, in the process, he awakened, as was inevitable, the interest of the disgusted right in the banner of his opponent. It was not necessary for Mr. Eisenhower actually to move to the right, to scrap his program in favor of a genuinely conservative one. All he had to do was hold his ground. Whereupon the program of the Republicans, which is essentially one of measured socialism, looks wonderfully appealing to the conservative, by contrast with that of the Democrats. So, gradually, the conservative shakes off his long-nurtured determination to repay the affronts of the last four years by withholding a vote on election day and, galvanized finally, he goes off to the polls—cursing, more often than not, those who stayed at home.

What happened is that the injunction that it is necessary to vote for the better of two choices once again took on relevance, the parties being finally distinguishable, one from the other. It does not matter that experience teaches that the threat is largely illusory. The compulsion to differ is generally satisfied by rhetorical offerings. Still, during a campaign an encounter with the people takes place; and sometimes the people get hold of Tantalus, and make him come through.

The argument by relative merit is wonderfully persuasive. In some cases it is, I think, conclusive. If one master will enslave me ninety days a year, a second only eighty-nine, if I may choose between them and must choose one, I shall unhesitatingly, all else being equal, elect to serve under the latter; and I should find no difficulty whatever defending my choice. My reasoning becomes inadequate, and perilously so, only when, in my zeal to stress the relative merit of the less exacting master I find myself speaking approvingly, enthusiastically about him. When that happens, there is danger to mind and morals.

The danger posed by the Republican Party of today lies bare-breasted in its universal emblem, I Like Ike. It should read, I Prefer Ike.

For on what political or philosophical basis can one approve of Eisenhower? It is not as though he were consciously and actively engaged in doing everything that can be done, given the political realities, in behalf of freedom and order, hating half of what he has to do, but offering it up in return for keeping the reins of power from those who would hasten the demise of our nation. No, General Eisenhower thoroughly approves of and believes in what he does. He does not proclaim—because he does not believe it—that we live in a world that has been seduced by false prophets, or that there lies ahead the task of re-educating a lost generation. He does not say—because he does not believe it—that freedom is intrinsically desirable, that equality is not of this world, that rights have correlative duties, that government must be limited and decentralized. All these things and much, much more, Eisenhower does not say; for he does not believe.

By that standard, the greatest enemies of an honorable Republican Party are its philosophers, its bards, its Arthur Larsons. They devote their time not to establishing the relative merit of Eisenhower's Party, but to insisting on its intrinsic worth. Some of its prophets tend to find it more worthy the further it goes in the wrong direction. Paul Hoffman will write, and write jubilantly, that the Republican Party has traveled further, under General Eisenhower, than it had gone in the previous fifty years. Even so, General Eisenhower will himself say; for the Republican Party is in league with the future.

The tendency to justify that which is, is ancient, and, alas, irrepressible. Voltaire mocked the notion that this is the best of all possible worlds, but he did not seriously shake the durable conviction that it is, from which follows the temptation to accept as tolerable any evil if it is widely enough practiced, widely enough, that is to say, to become worldly. Would Eisenhower and Eden have gone to Geneva to exchange libations with tyrants and slaughterers if those tyrants and slaughterers had tyrannized over, or slaughtered, hundreds of men, rather than hundreds of thousands? Would they go—or deputize anyone to go—to Nairobi to talk amicably with leaders of the Mau Mau?

It is a common age in which decent persons are disposed to shrug aside sexual perversion because Kinsey has established the frequency with which it is practiced, in which gentle and civilized statesmen tolerate and mingle with Communists because they inhabit one half the globe, and in which principled men and women—who all their lives have sworn by axioms of government that Progressive Moderation explicitly repudiates—*because* Progressive Moderation has become the order of the day, Like Ike.

Let those who prefer Eisenhower, whom the campaign seems to have rendered preferable, vote for him, if they are convinced no other course of action holds out any practical hope. But let them for heaven's sake not join in the festivities.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Wet Blankets in Foggy Bottom

The explosion in Poland sent the Department of State into a paroxysm of exultation. Anxious speculation over the possibilities of a Russian coup d'état in the first hours gave way, upon news of Gomulka's survival, to ebullient self-congratulation: a victory had been won, as glorious as any an army ever gained on the field. For Mr. Dulles' bureaucracy, here, at last, was the culmination—and vindication. Gone were the halting doubts about its own worth, about its ability to cope with its Soviet counterpart. Gone were any misgivings about the efficacy of its nostrums—of détente, of reliance on the carrot instead of the stick, of watchful waiting while the behemoth wasted away of its own disease. If aid to Tito had been a calculated risk, then we calculators had been proved mighty shrewd fellows. The prospects of the Soviet Empire collapsing from within may have looked like a long shot, but what do they look like now? Nothing succeeds like success, and for the U.S. Department of State, the exhilarating discovery that it had been right all along was hardly bearable.

State Department Logic

As for the future, the Department owned a clear mandate to pursue its successful policies in the new areas now opened up to it. Indeed, it would be a crime against logic if the policies which sustained Tito and brought about a revolution in Poland were not extended so as to sustain Gomulka and bring about a revolution in, say, Czechoslovakia.

The State Department, accordingly, entertained not the slightest doubt about the wisdom of giving U.S. aid to Poland and will certainly do so after the dangers of alienating the Polish vote in November are safely behind it.

But in Washington, as elsewhere, there are always the incorrigibles. A handful of skeptics, a few of them lurking in the State Department itself, held out. Some elementary questions, they said, wanted asking—the answers to which, they promised anyone who would listen, would prove far from reassuring. Questions such as: What, in a word, would the State Department like to see happen in Eastern Europe? And why?

Four Arguments

Stating the Department's objectives in Eastern Europe requires only a word: *decentralization.* It would like to see each Communist government in Eastern Europe make decisions independently of the Kremlin, nothing more complicated than that. Now, why? That decentralization is desirable from the free world's point of view is invariably postulated in the Department rather than argued; but if arguments are needed, the following are advanced:

1. Communism can more effectively "compete" with the West *with* a central authority than without one.

2. International centralism is an intrinsic characteristic of the Communist system, the absence of which deprives the system of both doctrinal coherence and operational efficiency.

3. The Soviet Union is opposed to decentralization (as witness its efforts to forestall Polish separatism), which means we should be for it.

4. Freedom from Moscow could result from decentralization, and hence the possibility of a "real" freedom for the people of Eastern Europe.

The skeptics have things to say about each of these contentions. As regards No. 1, they ask us to note that the State Department is obviously unimpressed a) by its own teaching that a group of independent nations exercising "voluntary cooperation" in behalf of a common purpose can most effectively compete with another, centrally directed group of nations; b) by the evidence that all Communist nations, including those with separatist tendencies, *have* a common purpose in their dealings with the West, and have, as regards the West, undeviatingly adopted common policies (in this connection, the skeptics cite the Polish declaration of solidarity with the Soviet Union following Gomulka's "revolution"); c) by the advantages that will unquestionably accrue to Communist parties over the world in virtue of their de-Russification. Popular knowledge (or even suspicion) that the local Communist Party is but a branch of the Russian foreign office, the skeptics continue, has always and everywhere handicapped Communist efforts to gain power.

As regards No. 2, the skeptics are wary of regarding international centralism as "intrinsic" to Communism if what one means by that is that centralism is required at all times and in all places. Communist theory, certainly, stipulates no such thing. Centralization was Communist practice in a period when the Soviet Union was viewed as the "beleaguered Socialist fortress"; when it seemed advisable to make sure that foreign Communist parties would sacrifice local advantages, when necessary, in the interests of the Soviet Union. That *de*centralization is becoming Communist practice in a period when a) the Soviet Union is on the strategic offensive and can pretty clearly take care of itself, and b) many foreign Communist parties are obliged to run national governments as well as foment world revolution, may prove nothing more than that Communism is wisely adapting its internal *modus operandi* to changed circumstances. In short, the idea that decisions on local matters are best made at the local level may be valid even where the decisions are Communist ones.

No Grounds for Optimism

As regards No. 3, the skeptics refuse to accept the Kremlin's interference in the Polish crisis as evidence of Soviet opposition to the principle of decentralization. To do so, they say, is to ignore the clear drift of Kremlin policies over the past year (notably in its dealings with Tito) in the direction of accepting, if

(*Cont'd on p. 22*)

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The Difference Is Atomic

If Stevenson is elected, Mr. Evans contends, he will stop H-Bomb tests, replace Admiral Strauss, and rehabilitate Robert Oppenheimer; in short, he will scuttle American security

MEDFORD EVANS

I believe that conservatives (including myself) have erred, first by falling for and then by emphasizing the theme: There is no difference between the parties.

What you ask, *is* the difference?

Plenty. *Defense* is the difference.

If Stevenson is elected, we are going to have somebody like Thomas K. Finletter as Secretary of Defense. And somebody like George Kennan as Secretary of State. And somebody recommended by Robert Oppenheimer as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. (And this whether or not Oppenheimer's own security clearance is restored, as it almost surely will be.)

Admiral Lewis Strauss' term as a *member* of the AEC does not expire until June 30, 1958. Of course, a certain team of oddly-assorted mountebanks like Estes Kefauver and the Alsop brothers will undoubtedly do what they can to frame him before that time, but the chances are, I think, against their succeeding. The law provides, however, that any AEC member designated as Chairman will "serve as such during the pleasure of the President." And Adlai Stevenson, friend of that same Lloyd K. Garrison who was Oppenheimer's counsel during the 1954 security hearings, would predictably take *no* pleasure in having Lewis Strauss as AEC Chairman.

The magnitude of this nation's debt to Strauss can be estimated only against the backround of the all-but-overwhelming influence of those scientific, political and business authorities whose interlocking folly he has barely been able to restrain from bringing about a national catastrophe. Others besides Strauss, of course, have been loyal, intelligent and energetic on behalf of the nation's interest in the atomic energy program. But it is astonishing how often Lewis Strauss has had to stand alone with the principle that atomic energy, as the fulcrum of U.S. security, must itself be kept secure.

The fashion has been to say that secrecy is bad, that military use is bad, that science and democracy require an open atomic project, and that enlightenment requires us to help all nations build their own atomic plants. This has been the line taken by officials all the way from David Lilienthal to Clinton Anderson, by journalists all the way from Hanson W. Baldwin to Drew Pearson, and by the Federation of American Scientists (which despite that name is a registered political lobby), not to speak of the seminal *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, and such peripheral organizations as the National Council of Churches and the League of Women Voters. And in May 1946 it was endorsed unanimously by the United States Senate, when it settled for a security-weak version of the McMahon Bill.

Admiral Strauss Stands Alone

Today, moreover, that line is being more precisely articulated than ever before, and there is no better place to go for a clear statement of it than the October 1956 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Dr. Henry D. Smyth, former AEC Commissioner and author of the celebrated Smyth Report, writes there as follows: "Every effort should be made to reduce secrecy and to simplify the transmittal of materials and knowledge to other countries through government and business channels. *We must continually add to our knowledge and make this knowledge available* to others." (Italics added.)

Lewis Strauss, in his 1950 interview with *U.S. News and World Report*, had a different idea. "So long as atomic energy is of military interest," he said, "secrecy will be implicit. That is true not only about atomic energy, but . . . munitions generally. . . . The more devastating the weapon, the more important security becomes."

This is devastating logic, and in insisting upon it Strauss has for the most part stood alone—with Walter Lippmann, Robert Oppenheimer, Harold Urey, Albert Einstein, and sycophants such as Ed Murrow, Roland Sawyer and the Alsops doing all they could to shout him down. The list of both original voices and echoes on the anti-Strauss side could be enormously extended, and today the preachments constitute a powerfully-established orthodoxy—or, if you like, a perverse and humorless parody of such an orthodoxy. Since 1945 its tendency has been single—toward the liquidation of, first, the U.S. monopoly, and, second, U.S. superiority in atomic weapons. It has, accordingly, exerted constant pressure on behalf of the systematic dispersal of American concentrations of atomic information and materials.

Simultaneously, a revolution in strategy has left us dependent on atomic information and materials for our national defense. The story of the two synchronized developments that have accomplished that revolution—1) increasing reliance on the atom in this nation, and 2) continual encouragement of the atom in other nations—is the story also of the leveling of U.S. prestige and power from the peak of 1945. Atomic developments in other countries are, to be sure, probably not nearly so close to our own as the orthodox press indicates; but this makes the orthodoxy's role in leveling U.S. prestige greater, not smaller.

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Perhaps we are actually far ahead of Soviet Russia in atomic weapons. I for one think we are. But we can no longer influence events merely by having atomic weapons; now we would have to use them. *A gain!* cry the more thoughtless of the aggressively pacific. *Now we cannot indulge in atomic sabre-rattling!* But surely sabre-rattling, when it works, is a very pacific substitute for the naked blade.

The Democratic Line

That we can now use atomic weapons—ever—is, to be sure, highly doubtful. In the climate of public opinion that the orthodoxy has engendered, few of our political leaders would have the courage to order the use of the bomb *in time*. Who supposes, for instance, that Adlai Stevenson would have such courage? The decision, as the law clearly states, *has* to be made by the President; he may delegate administrative authority in connection with it, but the final responsibility cannot be transferred to a military or civilian subordinate. When Harry Truman was President, he stated his determination to keep the power of decision in his own hands on the ground that he did not want some "trigger-happy lieutenant colonel" dropping an A-bomb in a crisis. Well, one question we shall be deciding on November 6 is whether we want some buck-feverish egghead to freeze on the controls of our defense when the Soviet Bisons come in for the kill.

For, make no mistake about it, Stevenson and Kefauver are *completely* identified with the anti-security, anti-Strauss line on atomic energy. Kefauver, like his Junior associate Gore of Tennessee, has publicly regarded the atom as primarily a branch office of TVA. Nor is it any surprise that the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has, in the period since the Democrats organized Congress, hired Jim Ramey, a youthfully radical TVA lawyer whom Lilienthal took to AEC, as its Executive Director. Tennessee and New Mexico are strongly represented on the Committee (Clinton Anderson is Chairman), which has, naturally enough, worked for the enlargement of the federally-financed bureaucratic empire that is now the biggest thing going in those two states. But that does not explain the unfair blows it has aimed at Admiral Strauss, for these are blows against national security. Gore and Anderson, with off-Committee support from Kefauver, have gone so far as to suggest that the U.S. may lose a close atomic power race with the Soviets if it does not plunge further into experimental construction than Strauss (among others) thinks wise.

The commotion over the "civilian reactor program" is apparently calculated to serve two purposes. First, it continues the "public power" tradition of TVA. Second, it tends to discredit Strauss, who has come to symbolize both free enterprise and security-consciousness (he not only symbolizes them, but works effectively for them). But it serves a third purpose as well; it fits perfectly into the pattern of "competitive coexistence" that is the current Moscow propaganda line. No sensible person really thinks the Soviets are going to produce any net useful power from atomic energy in the foreseeable future. Consider that our own atomic energy project *uses up* between 10 and 15 per cent of all the electrical power we generate from all sources. That is nearly half of what the Soviet Union generates from all sources. How, then, is anybody, any time soon, going to make a big thing out of actually produced atomic power? Making people think that "peaceful" atomic power is just around the corner plays into Communist hands by putting the Soviet Union on a par with the United States in a vaguely impressive way, by making it look as if business were to blame, and by adding to the general confusion.

Stevenson has left the marketing of this particular red herring mostly to Kefauver and lesser Democrats. But he has stepped forward all by himself to propose that the United States *slow down* its *military* development of the atom. Here Stevenson acts as part of—for the moment the salient part of—the orthodox Liberal effort to make sure that we are not more powerful than others. "I suggested recently," said Stevenson on May 12, 1956, "that we announce that we would voluntarily suspend further tests of H-bombs and ask Russia to do likewise. . . . It is high time that we stopped merely talking so much about our desire for peace and take some initiative to allay the world's misgivings."

This, as everyone has recognized, is dangerous talk from a Presidential candidate. He proposes, quite simply, that we do what Russia has been telling us to do—stop our H-bomb tests, whether the Russians agree to stop theirs or not. (We ought not to stop them in any case, but that is another matter.) That, hand-in-hand with the view that personnel security clearance threatens civil rights, is like nothing in fact or fiction so much as Curly's suggestion to Jud (in *Oklahoma!*) that he go hang himself. Curly was joking. Let's hope that Stevenson was too. But this is no joking matter.

"Logic" for the Orthodox

Nor is the following: In the September 1956 issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (from which all orthodox journalists, commentators, and "Liberal" politicians take their basic atomic policy), there is an article by Dr. Robert S. McCleary, entitled "A Christian Answer to Atomic War." Doctor McCleary, a surgeon from Great Falls, Montana, who served as a Major in the Medical Corps during World War Two, writes:

> Logic requires that we recognize that, in the light of the purpose of the leaders of the Soviet Union, we have only two possible choices—embarking on a preventive war (which we cannot) or a renunciation of war with unilateral total disarmament.... Consideration of the preceding facts has led me to the unpleasant conclusion that our government should announce to the world that: we were disbanding our Army, Navy, and Air Force; we would devote the 35 billion dollars per year now spent on defense to raising the living and educational standards of the rest of the world; and we were inviting the Soviet Union to do likewise.
>
> What would follow? At worst, *and most probably* [italics added], the Soviet Union would occupy the Western World with its armed forces. Thousands in each country might be put to death [since it wouldn't be "war" this would not be so bad], and the remainder would become slaves to Soviet bureaucracy [but safe from McCarthy—and look, I'm *not* misquoting]. We could thus prevent an unspeakable holocaust by the loss of our economic and political freedoms. We might lose our freedom and liber-

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ties throughout our lifetime and for several generations to come. . . .

Our renunciation—obviously not cowardice—would be a manifestation of true courage that only possession of great truths could inspire. If we act now [you would think this was a bargain], the world would know our beliefs are highest truths—then mankind might make a "leap" upward such as history has never known.

Yes—a leap, I should think, right out of its skin. The good doctor sounds nuts to me. But this does not answer the question, Why is Editor Eugene Rabinowitch publishing this kind of stuff, even as "Reader Comment"? The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* of whose Board of Sponsors Robert Oppenheimer was for so long Chairman, and to which he has frequently contributed (as he does to this issue), has influenced policy in this country for ten years. Its influence has been bad. But heretofore it has not been this bad.

The answer is that when Doctor McCleary demands human sacrifices to the Soviet Moloch in the name of abstract Christianity—when he says "we" he means you and your children and myself and mine, and *he* feels religiously exalted—he is logically extending the orthodox line. In the same issue are Stevenson's statement on the H-bomb tests, and a recommendation to the Democratic Platform Committee made last August by the *Bulletin's* organizational affiliate, the Federation of American Scientists. It all fits.

Stevenson, in other words, is a *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* man, and an Oppenheimer man as well. So are Kefauver and the Congressional atomic Democrats Albert Gore, Henry Jackson, Chet Holifield, and Melvin Price, though these, like Elvis Presley when he admires Stevenson, probably don't dig all the intellectual bits.

Eisenhower's Giveaway

Now let's face the atomic skeleton in the Republican closet. The most famous public giveaway of all—the "Atoms for Peace" plan—was proposed to the United Nations by President Eisenhower himself. Ironically, the President delivered the "Atoms for Peace" speech, for which Robert Oppenheimer was largely responsible, in the same month—December 1953—that he ordered a "blank wall" placed between Oppenheimer and any more AEC information. It is good that "Oppie" can no longer learn what our officials think, but tragic that a lot of them still respond to what "Oppie" thinks.

I shan't try to excuse Eisenhower for the "Atoms for Peace" speech. But remember that what the Democrats criticize him for is not having gone farther and faster along this dangerous path. Dr. Smyth, in the *Foreign Affairs* article quoted above, speaks for the orthodox: "In the nearly three years that have elapsed since that speech, its principles have been reaffirmed but it can hardly be said to have been put into effect." Dr. Smyth and, I am sure, Stevenson as well, would call that an accusation.

Stevenson would give away more uranium and related materials than Eisenhower. He would stop H-bomb development. He would, I repeat, replace Strauss, who has been a shrewd and rational Casabianca of atom security for ten years. He would rehabilitate Oppenheimer, who in the opinion of William Borden was "more probably than not . . . an agent of the Soviet Union," and in his own opinion was "an idiot." He would strive harder than Eisenhower for the international outlawing of atomic weapons.

And remember this, too: As legal bombs become fewer, illegal bombs will become more important. Robert Hutchins was probably right when he said that the next war "will be won by atomic bombs planted by agents." And given the high-minded attitudes of Robert Hutchins, Robert Oppenheimer, and Adlai Stevenson, do you think the agents would be ours?

On September 29 Stevenson said: "I have proposed a moratorium on the testing of more super H-bombs. If the Russians don't go along, well, then at least the world will know we tried." *Hic jacet* USA.

Eisenhower said on October 5: "The danger lies . . . in the direction of the vain hope that something less than secure safeguards could justify any curtailment of our power to defend ourselves, our allies, and the free world."

Who says there's no difference?

"MORALLY REPUGNANT"

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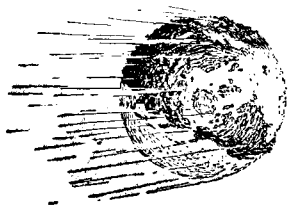

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

American Policy Sclerosis

A clamor of voices here, in Europe and in neutralist Asia has been insisting for more than a year that Washington's policy is "too inflexible," that things have changed in the Communist homeland without a corresponding adjustment on our part.

When closely examined the point of this criticism is usually found to be a plea for appeasement. The desired policy shift turns out to be a softening, a list of concessions to Moscow and the neutralists.

Mr. Edward Crankshaw, for example, a stall-mate of Barbara Ward in the *New York Times'* British stable, has recently run this course in the columns of the London *Observer*.

"The power and vitality of the Soviet Union and the dynamism of Moscow Communism . . . The general trend is unambiguously towards amelioration of the lot of the masses . . . Just as Soviet foreign policy is now dominated, as is our own, by the determination to avoid atomic war, so Soviet home policy is dominated by the necessity of building up a strong and prosperous society."

Still, it is not enough to berate Liberals and leftists. Their appeasing conclusion is deadly, but there is substance in their premise. It is a fact that changes—momentous changes—are going on within the Soviet Empire; and it is a fact that United States policy is too inflexible. "Inflexible," though, is not the right word. "Inflexible" suggests "principled," "firm," even "aggressive.' Let us say, more accurately, that U.S. policy toward the Soviet Empire is 'inert," "calcified," "frozen."

Some years ago U.S. policy floundered onto a set of policy points where it has been pretty well stuck ever since: NATO, German rearmament, support of the UN, foreign aid, nonrecognition of Communist China, verbal (but no other) support of "liberation," status quo stalemate in Korea, Indochina and Formosa, and so on. It is not that all these tactics were, or have become, wrong. Some of them were and remain correct, and would have been even better if carried out more thoroughly. The trouble is that you don't get anywhere if you stay stuck at the same spot.

Foreign policy (to alter the figure a few degrees) must navigate through weather that is never the same for long. To keep the ship moving along the proper course, one sail must be furled and another broken out, a new tack tried and the old one abandoned.

Ardent anti-Communists share some of the blame for this rigidity of U.S. policy. Rightly anxious to guard against illusions, they denounce in almost ritual terms each appeasement-veering call for a new foreign policy look. It is just not enough to keep repeating that "the basic Communist strategy is unaltered," "the goal of World Revolution remains the same," "Communism is still Communism." Granted. So?

Let us also note that a more flexible need not be a softer policy.

A Pointed Case

Let me, to be specific, consider Poland. Until two weeks ago there were many who argued that the news from Poland was doctored propaganda, that what was happening was a mere masquerade to deceive the West, or a minor shift in command. It is now plain to the world that Polish society is in seething ferment, and that its totalitarian political structure shows wider cracks than have ever before appeared in a Communist-ruled nation.

This development is to the enormous advantage of the West, actual as well as potential. It would be solid gain to influence favorably what is happening in Poland—to deepen Poland's rift with Moscow or its moves away from total Communism, or even just to help keep the ferment going. The West has so far done nothing.

But the principals in conflict are all Communists? Even if it were true (which it is not—the masses have entered the struggle), better a Tito than a Stalin or Khrushchev, and better a satellite with 5 per cent independence from Moscow than one with no independence at all. It was not wrong to aid Tito. What was wrong was to aid him *unconditionally*, and thus passively; to fail to use our aid and strength to force Yugoslavia to enlarge its breach with Moscow and with Communism. In politics it is the direction of motion that counts.

Why have we not been flooding Poland over the past year with translations of Western books? One prominent American of Polish birth proposed that hundreds of thousands of Polish-speaking Americans should visit Poland. We could have invited thousands of Polish workers, students, doctors and other professionals to make visits to this country. We could have encouraged a letter campaign to Poland, and gifts of food and clothing to individual Poles. American cities could have been "adopting" Poznan, Cracow or Lodz as has been done with cities in other nations.

A month ago the Polish Government asked for a $25 million loan which, under prevailing policy, the State Department automatically rejected. Perhaps it is time to try such moves, and to see what happens. There is not much to lose. In any case, we should make wholly clear to the Poles that we will give immediate, massive help in all relevant forms to a Poland that moves seriously away from Moscow's political control and Communism's social structure —and the more the further it moves.

As I write, the Polish development rises to a level from which actions like these may already have become trivial and outdated. There is no less need for "flexibility." Why do not our spokesmen demand the withdrawal of Russian occupation forces from Poland? Is this the irrecoverable instant when the demand "Hands Off Poland!" issued as an ultimatum might shift at a stroke the history and fate of the twentieth century? The political logic of what is happening in Eastern Europe compels Moscow to give way, if we command.

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Adlai Stevenson: Patrician with a Mission

Last week Mr. Dos Passos appraised Stevenson the man. This week he follows him as candidate through an exhausting day of campaign shadowboxing

JOHN DOS PASSOS

"This is more than political bunk. It is willful nonsense. It is wicked nonsense." President Dwight D. Eisenhower speaking at Cleveland.

Waiting, one beautiful October morning, for the Democratic candidate's plane to arrive at Newark Airport I began to wonder again what President Eisenhower's invited observers from Moscow would be saying among themselves about this 1956 Presidential campaign. Eisenhower would not be confusing to them: the Russians understand patriotic generals; they have several of their own. But, in spite of their huge literature of Communist polemics against socialists and Liberals, Adlai Stevenson's position might confuse them for a while, until maybe one of them would suddenly remember his Marx.

"Meester Steevenson's case is classic." He would wave the didactic finger. "Marx himself predicted it. Certain members of the capitalist class abandon their class affiliations and identify themselves with the victorious proletariat."

"But tell me, Comrade X," I might have answered, "When you say proletariat in America, who do you mean? Do you mean all the rich and prosperous people who agree with Stevenson and the ADA? Do you mean all the people who talk the Liberal line? Three-quarters of the Democrats campaigning for office and at least two-thirds of the Republicans are running on the same stack of ideas."

Comrade X's answer would undoubtedly have been in Russian.

The plane is coming in for a landing, slenderly shimmering under the low haze in the rose-tinted early light. All planes are beautiful on a beautiful blue morning in early October; planes, gas-tanks, hangars, fire-trucks, perambulators, even the cars embellished with political slogans waiting in line for the motorcade, are beautiful in the mellow light. If I'd had Comrade X beside me I would probably have whispered in his ear "You may be beating the pants off us in world affairs but you Muscovites never have October weather like this . . . Maybe that's why you are so anxious to get out of your own country and to take over the rest of the world."

At the sight of the plane coming in the welcoming delegations begin to chant "We want Adlai." It is certainly not a large crowd but it is a thoroughly mixed one. Local businessmen, realtors, a group of union officials, small town lawyers, clubwomen, a couple of serious looking Negroes of the professional class, pretty girls in blue top hats, an ample beaming Negro lady with an enormous bunch of orchids pinned to her fur coat. If there is a "proletarian" note it is struck by some hurriedly lettered placards: ENJOY YOUR DAY ADLAI . . . . JOE SMITH WANTS ADLAI. Quite a lot of small children have tagged along and have been furnished with blue balloons.

When the gangway is pushed up to the open door of the turboprop "Viscount" the photographers take over. After a flock of unnewsworthy faces has been allowed to hurry down the steps, the newsworthy profile of New Jersey's handsome Democratic Governor is seen mounting them. Beside his beaming tanned countenance with its mouthful of white teeth—Governor Meyner is a handsome man with a knack for showing his profile to the crowd—there appears the ruddy face and large irregular beak of Adlai Stevenson. The erstwhile Governor of Illinois is not a handsome man but something about his looks attracts forbearance and sympathy; the girls all want to mother him. "He doesn't look too tired," one of the pretty girls in the blue top hats whispers to another. "I wonder if he still has that hole in his shoe . . . How can he stand it?" she sighs.

Well may she ask. The man's been campaigning since August. Only two days ago he flew into Washington from Minnesota.

Handshaking Act

The photographers can't get enough of the scene on the aluminum steps. The Candidate shakes hands with the Governor. The Governor shakes hands with the Candidate. Both of them of course grin instantly from ear to ear. (If any American politician ever stopped grinning all the TV sets would be short-circuited, the blended tones on all the two-tone cars would begin to clash, there would be sand in everybody's shaving cream.) Patiently and conscientiously as a pair of performing seals Governors Stevenson and Meyner repeat their handshaking act again and again in response to the barked orders of their trainers. "Smile . . . Shake hands . . . Wave . . . Look this way. No, that way." The photographers shout as they scramble about the tops of the cars.

"What a hell of a way to make a livin'," one of them remarks out of the corner of his mouth to nobody in particular.

The motorcade is on the road. Led by a police car with a flashing red light the cars decorated with blue and white slogans file off through the Jersey suburbs. To save their throats while we move through the hinterlands the governors huddle in a closed machine. Only the candidates for local office, and the wardheelers and committee members, sit staring forlornly out of open convertibles at billboards, gas stations, lumberyards, nursing homes, pet hospitals, miles and miles of mowed lawns, shade trees, hydrangea bushes, moderate sized identically comfortable dwelling

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houses. No cheering crowds on these green roadsides.

In the middle of the parade three chartered buses trundle along full of newspapermen in their eternal raincoats. Some of them have portable typewriters on their knees. Long strings of words on yellow flimsy continually trickle out of their bus and are duly disposed of at each stop by a plainclothes Western Union man identified by a yellow card he holds up on a stick over his head. Among the newspapermen on the press buses you can pick out the knitted brows of campaign assistants, speechwriters, idea men; some of them are busy thinking up spontaneous witticisms in case the Candidate's imagination should flag. The press and staff have been together for weeks now. They have come to share a sympathetic protective interest towards their Candidate. Together they wince when he muffs a phrase, or forgets the name of a local politico, or leaves out the crucial sentence of a speech.

There are whistlestops in front of supermarkets, in empty parking lots, at intersections in small towns. The Candidate has switched to a convertible. He blinks through the warm sunlight into the faces of the haphazard crowds which have been collected by the neighborhood ward-heelers. Wherever he speaks he always seems to have the sun in his eyes. He praises his listeners for their youth—the Democrats are the party of youth—for the good weather—the implications are that the Democrats are responsible for that too. Certainly the Midwestern drought is to be blamed on the Republicans. He makes his little speech in favor of the local Democratic candidates for the legislature, for sheriff, for free-holder.

Lightly Rubber-Stamped

Adlai Stevenson used to eschew rubber stamps but in this campaign he's using all the rubber stamps his advisers have furnished him with. He still can't get himself to bear down on them very hard. He still winces at a platitude, even when it comes out of his own mouth. He's a conscientious man. This is a chore he has set himself to perform as conscientiously as he can, speaking day after day, week after week, month after month. Today he keeps bringing out one crack that seems to amuse him. Speaking of his fine ruddy tan he tells his audiences he didn't get it playing golf. He got it campaigning out in the open on the public platform.

Under the great trees of the public square in Morristown there's a more important stop. A platform has been erected right in front of Republican headquarters. About half the crowd is made up of high school kids, most of them with Ike buttons or posters. Either the teenagers really like Ike, or else someone has carried on a very fruitful campaign to make them think they do. To even things up there are handsome young women with Democratic parasols, a little girl in an Indian headdress leading a Democratic donkey, Democratic matrons marshalling a horde of small blonde children.

It's all very pleasant. Stevenson gets a cheerful hand when he points out that he's the first Democratic candidate to come to Morristown within the memory of man. The Republicans didn't need to and the Democrats didn't dare. He loses a little time explaining that he wishes he could stay longer but that he's behind schedule already and can only speak for five minutes.

In his five minutes he finds time to spread out his wares. The Republicans have fallen short on federal aid for schools. They have favored big business against labor. The Republicans have fallen short on slum clearance and housing. The Republicans have fallen short on health insurance, social security for the aged. They have shortchanged the farmer. The Democrats will cure all these ills by pouring out more federal funds; not a word about whose pocket the money will come out of. They have fallen short on foreign policy. They have not worked effectively for peace . . . There he gets a hand.

(If Comrade X had been there he would have applauded too: nobody talks more about peace than the Communists.)

Then the Candidate launches into a complaint. His manner becomes scolding and schoolteachery. You expect to see him wagging his finger. President Eisenhower in Cleveland has just referred to his criticism of Administration policies as wicked nonsense . . . Now Stevenson would be the first to admit that everybody talked a lot of nonsense in a Presidential campaign—he gets a real laugh on that one—but calling it wicked is a blow below the belt. How can you have discussion without honest disagreement? He'll have more to say about that later. Honest disagreement is freedom's red corpuscles.

The five minutes are up. With ill-concealed relief the Candidate settles back into his car. The motorcade moves on.

Maybe it was wishful thinking on my part—"wishful thinking" has become the prime rubber stamp of this whole campaign; no speechwriter writes out a speech without accusing the opposition of "wishful thinking"—but it did seem to me that the Common Man after he had taken the trouble to turn out to listen to the speaking on that fine October day, deserved better than he got. Looking in people's faces it was hard to imagine that they all were so dumb as the Candidate's advisers seemed to think they were. Wouldn't they maybe have responded to something a little more to the point than all this shadowboxing? I know it's a Presidential campaign. Anything but doubletalk is against the rules. Maybe it is because no candidate has the nerve to bring up any issue that a man can put his teeth into that they find themselves falling back so lamentably on petty recriminations. "Teacher that big bully over there called me a dirty name."

Comrade X, had he been there, would have ribbed me unmercifully about our boasted two-party system. He could easily have pointed out that both the Republican and Democratic Parties were so firmly entrenched in their common past errors —or in their common past successes for that matter—that there were no real differences between them to argue about. "You haven't any more got a two-party system than we have."

The motorcade's next stop is in front of the town hall at Paterson. There, with the sun still in his eyes, the Candidate speaks from a platform jammed with local politicians. He remembers all their names and the offices they are running for. There is the biggest crowd yet; the streets of an industrial town are full of bustle at noontime. Perhaps the historian among his advisers has reminded him that Alexander Hamilton had some-

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thing to do with founding this city. Alexander Hamilton gets honorable mention. Certainly Stevenson's advisers have been prodding him to take issue with President Eisenhower's remark about "wicked nonsense." Talk back to the big bully. To call honest criticism wicked nonsense is an effort to stifle discussion. The President is taking the low road instead of the high road. He is as bad as his Vice President who used such dirty words in the last campaign. Honest discussion is the life-blood of Democracy.

Paterson has a large immigrant population; so the McCarran Act comes in for a beating. The Democrats will see to it that their kinsmen overseas will be able to join them in the land of opportunity. There are union officials on the platform: the Taft-Hartley Act is denounced. The Candidate ends up his address with a slogan which hardly sounds as if it came from his pen: "We'll take the government away from General Motors and give it back to Joe Smith."

A scant hour off for lunch and the motorcade is on the road again. More whistlestops, more intersections, more public squares. The campaign is an endurance test. How does the man stand it?

In mid-afternoon there is a formal thirty-minute speech on the campus of one of those new G.I. Bill of Rights colleges, Fairleigh-Dickinson University on the Hackensack River. The Candidate speaks from the portico of the gymnasium. At least he can speak without having the sun in his eyes. The boys and girls have stretched ropes on the lawn so that the campaigners can come and go without having to elbow their way through the throng. Tables and comfortable chairs have been set out for the press. This spot has been chosen for the launching of the day's balloon. The president of the institution wears a broad smile. The faculty and students are all very happy about it. A philanthropic businessman has endowed the university with a course in armaments control. Everybody's delighted that this is to be the context for the launching of Stevenson's great balloon.

The Candidate looks more at ease. He is happier addressing students than trying to talk down to the Common Man. After the Governor of New Jersey has sounded the academic note by some remarks about Plato's Republic which some of us find it a little hard to follow, Governor Stevenson delivers himself of a speech which on the face of it sounds pretty reasonable. He is suggesting that it might be a good idea to call the Russian bluff on peace by offering to agree to postpone further hydrogen bomb tests. Our scientists would immediately know from their instruments if the Russians failed to fulfill their part of the agreement. Naturally this went over big with the students. Had I had a real Comrade X beside me I might have learned how it would go over with the Russians. The Candidate has spent a happy half hour, but he has neglected to explain how this pretty plan would restore the dislocated balance of power to the world.

Endurance Contest

And so it goes. The campaign is a Marathon. Nine speeches a day, five days a week. For a few minutes of sensible talk such as you might expect a man of some intellect to address to people who—however low the professionals of politics rate their IQ—can't all be halfwits; for a few sensible minutes we have hours of shadowboxing, of the painstaking demolishment of straw men, the ritual beating of dead dogs; in endless repetition the appeal to enlightened self-interest. "He's got a firmer grip this time," the professionals in the press bus proudly tell you. "He has grown in stature."

The Democratic candidate is a conscientious man. He is full of dogged determination to play his part well in this endurance contest. On the turnpike back to Newark he stops the motorcade on the side of the road for twenty minutes while he wrestles with a new paragraph he's writing into the speech he will deliver that night in Jersey City. Adlai Stevenson is one of the last politicians who writes even half of his own speeches. Now he's planning to lambaste President Eisenhower for his charge of "wicked nonsense." He wants to make it stick. The newspapermen have to file the new paragraph in time for the morning edition.

And so it will go on to the end. Speeches, addresses, remarks, wherever two or three are gathered together. Today it was New Jersey. Tomorrow it will be the hard coal district of Pennsylvania and the steel and iron belt and then West Virginia and then back to New York for a visit to Harlem and then New Haven and Providence, Rhode Island, and Springfield, Massachusetts, and out to the coast. And Washington and Montana on the way and Idaho and Oregon and San Diego, California. If he is elected will there be anything left of him to inaugurate on January 20?

To try to let all the people see their candidates for President face to face is a noble aim, but doesn't it perhaps defeat itself? Perhaps the country has become too densely settled for the human endurance of the candidates. In the old days, before communications were perfected, a Presidential candidate could go around repeating a few well-worn addresses the way a minister does his sermons, but no man has a large enough stock of ideas, even of the old stale shopworn ideas of the Liberal ritual, to furnish nine addresses a day. And the hundreds of thousands of hands to shake, the babies to coo at, the office-seekers to congratulate. It's too much for any poor candidate.

Perhaps we are wrong to complain that Adlai Stevenson is neglecting the real issues. Isn't this a Presidential campaign? Perhaps the real issues are too urgent and too frightening to be sifted down to their lowest common denominator by a busful of lowdowners trundling along in a motorcade. Campaign issues are only paper issues anyway. That's where Mr. Eisenhower's Russian observers may come a cropper. In spite of their conviction that the issues are all made in Wall Street they'll have to write them up in laborious dossiers to be filed away in Moscow. Nothing is ever forgotten that's filed away in Moscow. Maybe the Communist policy-makers will rely on them just at the wrong moment. Meanwhile back home in the United States the campaign issues, Republican and Democratic, will be forgotten the morning after election. They'll lie in the same trash-basket with the tornup ticket stubs from this fall's World's Series games.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Storm in the Central Tyrol

The Central Tyrol, erroneously called the "South Tyrol," annexed by Italy in 1919, is slowly but surely creeping into the headlines. Nervousness and tension are rising on both sides of the Brenner Pass. The Italian State Attorney, during a political trial recently staged in Brixen, spoke about dark forces who want to change the Central Tyrol into a second Algeria. Another Algeria, right in the heart of Western Europe, halfway between Bonn and Rome, is the last thing the free world would like to see.

The problem of the Central Tyrol is quite simple. The population, in the past, was solidly German in language, deeply attached to the Tyrol and to Austria. In 1919 this area, together with the real South Tyrol, was detached from Austria, with the result that the north and the east of the historic province became separated by an Italian wedge.

As soon as the Fascists rose to power they tried to Italianize the region by atrociously brutal means (not even inscriptions on tombstones were permitted in German), but they failed. In 1946 the Austrians tried to persuade the big powers to return the Central Tyrol to its rightful owners, but they failed.

Still, Italy was put under moral pressure to give full autonomy to the Central Tyrol and to sign a treaty with Austria to that effect. The Austrians, convinced that the democratic spirit of the new Italy would never engage in Fascist experiments, hailed the new order. Soon, however, they were grievously disappointed. The Italians extended the status of autonomy to the Italian-speaking South Tyrol (Trentino) as well as to the Central Tyrol, and in the combined regional council the German element is now greatly outnumbered by the Italians.

To make matters worse, the government in Rome is speeding up the industrialization of the Central Tyrol, thereby importing vast masses of Italians from the deep south, a rootless element which tends to vote Communist and which, in time, will actually outnumber the German-Austrian inhabitants. The Italians, who counted only 3 per cent in 1910, now amount to 34 per cent. This "peaceful" change in the character of their land neither the German-speaking Central Tyroleans nor the Austrian government are willing to permit.

The Italian government is in a very difficult position. There is no earthly reason why the Central Tyroleans should be loyal to Italy since they have always protested their inclusion in that nation. Every plebiscite (until and unless an Italian majority were artificially created) would end in a resounding Italian defeat. Thus, if the Italians were honestly to carry out the autonomy agreement, the land between Salurn and the Brenner, administered by Tyroleans for Tyroleans, would rapidly be lost to them. The alternative is to pay lip service to the agreement—and continue the process of Italianization.

Yet this exasperates the Central Tyroleans and may result in acts of terror which, in turn, will call for suppression. And then we shall indeed see another Algeria in the very heart of Free Europe—along a boundary line lacking moral justification. German ethnic nationalism, needless to say, will be roused to white heat once the hatreds clash.

The first danger signal came several weeks ago when a minor Italian internal revenue official was slain by a group of young Tyroleans. "Revenuers" are unpopular anywhere; if they belong to another race, and speak a different language, the normal animosities against them are multiplied.

A climax of tension was reached when three events took place in rapid succession: a speech by the Italian Minister of the Interior, Tambroni; the jailing of an Austrian tourist who had dropped anti-Italian leaflets; and the prohibition of a protest meeting called by the Tyroleans.

Signor Fernando Tambroni is a fervent member of Catholic Action, belonged to the Partisan movement, and plays a leading role in the *Democrazia Cristiana*. He came to the center of the Central Tyrol where, together with Giovanni Gronchi, President of the Republic, he solemnly opened the Bozen International Fair. It was generally expected that Signor Gronchi would have a few good words to say about the "natives." Instead, he delivered a fiery blast against the Tyroleans, insisting that the Italian state, in case of emergency, would be determined to make its sovereignty prevail by penal law; that all Italian citizens have the right to settle wherever they want; that Italy would not tolerate it if any of her citizens were to invoke aid and comfort from a foreign government. The Austrian press countered with severe criticisms reminding the Minister that neither Austrians in general nor the Tyroleans in particular had ever renounced their right to reunion.

The other two "incidents" are connected with the city of Brixen, the Tyrolean Canterbury. Here the last municipal elections resulted in a city council with no majority; no agreement could be reached on the mayor, and thus the government had the right to appoint one. But which government? The Rome government? The Diet of the Combined Region? The Provincial Council? Finally the Rome government and the Provincial Council *each* selected a mayor, both of whom took possession of an office in the town hall. The case now goes before the Supreme Court.

Only one day after Signor Tambroni's speech in Brixen, Egon Mayr, an Austrian, was sentenced to three years in jail for having thrown a whole package of "rebellious leaflets," excerpts from an Austro-American newspaper, from a train window. The result of this extremely severe sentence was the temporary recall of the Austrian Ambassador to Rome.

To Americans all this might seem an unimportant local squabble. Before 1914 Serb claims to Bosnia hardly received any attention from the American press. In fact, no European, 180 years ago, considered Britain's stamp-duty in Massachusetts a serious matter.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

By Ulysses out of McCloskey

This columnist—let him plead himself guilty—has always neglected the Liberal propaganda machine's Trojan Horses. And now, what with the machine's having acquired two new ones recently, he must mend his ways.

A good Trojan Horse, in propaganda as in warfare, must 1) be directed at a specific and appropriate target city, 2) look or sound innocent and friendly enough to get inside the city's walls, and 3) hurt the enemy. Peter Viereck, for example, was aimed at the American Federation of Women's Clubs, landed on its doorstep at just the moment when its members were ready to regard an avowed conservative as harmless, and could tell them at the drop of a hat-pin how to be conservative and yet agree with the Liberals about Everything. Clinton Rossiter was aimed at the Intellectuals; whether conservative or not, he could speak of Tradition not merely with a straight face but with an air of genuine reverence—and, on the crucial point, he went Viereck one better: he could make you feel ashamed of yourself if you were *not* both conservative and Liberal. (This columnist hangs his head at the very thought of *Conservatism in America*.)

Up to now, at least, all the propaganda Trojan Horses have been professors at fashionable colleges and universities: Viereck teaches at Mt. Holyoke, Rossiter at Cornell. One of the two new recruits, Henry Wallich, teaches at Yale. The other, Robert McCloskey, whose article, "Conservatives, Businessmen and Blatherskites" in the current *Harvard Business Review* we are about to examine, teaches political science at Harvard.

All four proceed on one variant or another of the same formula, leading up to the conclusion that the true contemporary conservative has no proper quarrel with the Liberals, so that anyone who does have a quarrel with the Liberals is, sad to relate, no conservative at all, but rather a "reactionary," a "diehard," or (in Professor McCloskey's courtly phrase) a "blatherskite."

Establish rapport: "The word [conservative] and the political ideas it vaguely connotes," Professor McCloskey writes to his target audience of businessmen, "have always appealed to the business community." Moreover, he sees why: The word has "often been loosely translated as 'pro-business.'" Conservatism favors a "status quo in which the businessman has always enjoyed a congenial share." And, finally, the businessman is against "social tinkering."

Concede the conservative's right to exist: "The conservative impulse," McCloskey continues, is "an enduring aspect of the American political personality . . ."

Deplore our ignorance of what conservatives stand for: What American conservatism is, how it differs from Liberalism, what kind of political or social action it should support—these, according to Professor McCloskey, "seem" to be "desperately hard" questions. The businessman who wants to be a conservative thus runs "squarely into the problems of definition that lie in wait for all professed conservatives in the land of the free." And, this being the case, he often lends "his name, his time, and his financial support to groups which positively disserve the values he ultimately cares most about conserving." For "a motley crew of self-elected conservatives clamor for our allegiance."

Offer to help out: Here McCloskey is more modest than Rossiter, presumably because *his* conservatives are going to agree with the Liberals only about *some* things, not Everything. "We cannot quite say what American conservatism is, but perhaps we can decide what it is *not*."

Emphasize Tradition. Show that Tradition's proper quarrel is with the anti-Liberals, not the Liberals: "My suggestion, then, is to single out a group of men who belong, beyond any serious question, in the authentic American conservative tradition." Whom? Well, "almost everyone will agree that the Founding Fathers . . . were, by and large, men of conservative temper." Who specifically? George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, James Wilson, John Dickinson, Edmund Pendleton, and John Marshall; and the man who seeks a conservative faith for America *must* "turn back to these men to decide if his product is truly American conservatism." How do we know that? Well—and I do not exaggerate the circularity of the argument—we just *do*: their "essence was unquestionably conservative"; their "conservatism was unmistakably American"; and they are "uniquely qualified" to offer "symbolic leadership for the conservatism of today?" And what is it that these men were *not*? Quite simple: They were:

—not fanatical ("there should be no difficulty in recognizing the discordancy with the tone of some modern would-be heirs");

—not contemptuous of law (and we now discover *what* would-be heirs they are so different from: "The current belief that 'any methods' are acceptable for rooting out Communists, the rigors of the government security system, the southern doctrine of 'interposition,' or the flagrant defiance of income tax law by Governor Lee of Utah, all do violence to this canon of American conservatism");

—not anti-intellectual (the contemporary attack—by those self-elected conservatives, of course—"on schools and colleges, on teachers and professors, has been one part legitimate rebuke and nineteen parts ill-informed and badly concealed hostility toward intellectualism as such");

—not plutocratic (and so "not consistent with . . . the attempt to organize the 'Friends of Senator McCarthy, Inc.' into a nationwide pressure group");

—not irresponsible (while a conservative can approve or disapprove particular acts of the UN, he "can hardly disavow the commitment to world delegation that is implied by America's membership in it, unless he is willing to repudiate the brand of conservatism symbolized by the Founders"). For example, this columnist might add, by the author of the Farewell Address.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Rural Schools

"You can't go back to the Little Red School House," said an evangel of Progress to an original-minded European scholar now professing at an American college.

"Why not?" inquired the European. "What is wrong with the Little Red School House?" And the advocate of centralization had considerable difficulty in answering him. The Little Red School House is . . . well, it isn't Progressive, that's all.

The same line of argument was put forward recently by Mr. A. J. Phillips, executive secretary of the Michigan Education Association. "Every child should be a resident member of an approved high school district," he declared. "This would mean elimination of all rural schools as such." He is willing to wait only until September 1, 1961, for attainment of this abolition of rural schools in Michigan. Mr. Phillips also published eighteen other edicts, among them a program of federal scholarships for "needy" students. This latter project, he said, is "fundamentally sound. Russia finances its best students who are potential scientists." It is heartening to learn that anything Russia does in the way of education must be fundamentally sound.

The whole of Mr. Phillips' program, indeed, squints toward a deliberate centralization and collectivization of public education, very far removed from what Brownson called our American "territorial democracy." Mr. Phillips and people like him intend, doubtless, that we shall beat the Russians in the education-race. But their plan for winning the contest is a scheme of imitation. The collectivization recommended by an American educationist like Professor Theodore Brameld (now in Puerto Rico) is more thoroughgoing, in the school-realm, than anything yet achieved by the Soviets. "Training for collectivism" does not have a happy ring in America; but call it Education for Social Reconstruction, and all sorts of well-meaning committeemen and committeewomen will start ringing doorbells in the cause. In this movement toward a levelling consolidation of schooling, the abolition of rural schools is a preliminary step. One might call it the expropriation of the educational kulaks.

Here and there, some particularly obdurate American kulak doesn't want the rural school in his district consolidated into a vast high-school district. Such an obscurant is promptly given a good dose of the rhetoric of the Educational Hot Gospellers. Is he an Enemy of the Public Schools? Does he fly in the face of Progress? It is a bold kulak who can hold up his head under this punishment. Yet if the kulak is reasonably keen-witted, he can bring into question the whole case against the Little Red School House. Here are some of the arguments against the rural school, and some answers to them:

1. Thesis: the rural school is very small. Answer: well, aren't individual instruction and close student-teacher relationships supposed to be good things, according to the canons of Progress?

2. Thesis: the rural school is costly. Answer: not so costly, per student, as the great consolidated school, with its hierarchy of superintendents and principals and supervisors, and its inordinately expensive system of bus-transportation.

3. Thesis: the rural school has difficulty in finding good teachers. Answer: what school, large or small, doesn't have difficulty finding good teachers today? And are there not many able teachers who prefer the comparative independence of the little school to their assembly-line condition in the consolidated school?

4. Thesis: the rural pupil needs to be integrated with larger and more varied groups of children. Answer: why? And are not such advantages, if they are advantages, more than offset by the bewilderment of children whisked daily from one end of the county to the other, to be set down in a characterless mob of other children whom they see only during school-hours? And does not the bus-trip often exert a dismaying influence on the nerves and stomachs of sensitive smaller children?

5. Thesis: Consolidated schools are more easily influenced by organizations like NEA and MEA, and so can be brought into line with the latest schemes of the patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia. Answer: no doubt. But it is quite possible that the local school board, or the county superintendent of rural schools, may be wiser, on occasion, than the officials of NEA and the doctrinaires in the chairs of education at the state teachers' colleges.

I am not suggesting that our rural schools are perfect institutions. I only advance the argument that there is a decent case to be made for decentralization, local autonomy, and personal influence in our public schools. The evangels of Progress pretend to be unaware that any reasonable or conscientious person can be genuinely attached to the cause of the rural school. I think that the whole subject needs serious discussion.

Behind the educationists' prejudice against rural schools there seems to lie a set of sociological dogmas now much in vogue among the advocates of positivistic social planning. "Rural," to such folk, implies "unenlightened," "backward," "archaic." Everything and everybody ought to be urban. Thus, according to these sociological dogmatists, the way to deal with the farm problem is to abolish the farmer: that is, either you subsidize and indoctrinate him until he is simply a prosperous businessman managing a unit of aricultural industry, or you take him off the land and put him into a factory. And thus the way to improve rural schools is to abolish them: that is, you break any connection between the home-life of the child and his schooling, treating the child instead as if he had been reared in the environment of the problem-boys for whom Dr. George S. Counts devised group-play in his experimental New York school. No doubt these schemes are progressive. But toward what do we progress?

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Their World and Ours

JAMES BURNHAM

A decade ago only a few dozen Americans, most of them actively committed pro- or anti-Communists, were seriously concerned with Communism and the Soviet Union. Today the production of articles, monographs and books on things Communist is a booming national industry, with thousands on its payroll.

This industry, like others, has been quantified and standardized according to the norms of mass production technology. Its economic function is to absorb institutional (foundation and government) funds through the manufacture, by the most efficient (*i.e.*, most costly) methods, of Ph.D.'s and scholarly publications. To carry out this function on a mass basis, the IQ level for personnel recruitment is reduced to about 110. Publication criteria are so conceived that routine training, without any need for special talent, will be sufficient qualification for manning the assembly lines that must turn out units according to the production plan. This can be readily done by devising lengthy programs for collating texts and collecting "depth interviews," each variant of which (often done largely by computer) constitutes a book or monograph.

"Russian Institutes" at Columbia, Harvard, Cornell and elsewhere, as well as several government and semi-government bureaus, have been notably successful in this aggressively expanding field. That they are fulfilling their social purpose cannot be questioned. At the same time we may note, as an incidental and strictly speaking irrelevant fact, that 99 per cent of their publications have not the slightest intellectual, scientific or political interest, beyond the source documents that some of them make available. A factory can turn out a printed page, but it still takes brains and a heart to write something worth reading.

And Gerhart Niemeyer possesses both, abundantly, along with much knowledge that, under his ordering guidance, is transformed from bare fact into meaning. His small book (*An Inquiry Into Soviet Mentality*, Frederick A. Praeger, $2.75), which he wrote with the assistance of John S. Reshetar, Jr., is worth an infinite number of the standardized dissertations: quite literally infinite, since it says something and they nothing.

Professor Niemeyer's analysis is a "critique" almost in a Kantian sense. He is inquiring into the categorical presuppositions of our knowledge of Communist behavior. Pushing through the screening thickets of passing events, on through the scrub growth of pragmatic solutions, he drives right into the metaphysical jungle from which nearly all American writers draw blindly back.

American (and other Western) interpretations of, and policies toward, Communism assume that the Communists, albeit a rough crew, are "rational." Communists know and inhabit the same world as ours. Therefore it is possible, if admittedly difficult, to communicate with Communists, to hold an "East-West dialogue," as the Europeans say. It is further possible, by making inferences from our own modes of response, to predict how Communists will or would behave in this or that situation: to judge, for example, that they would not deliberately risk world-wide destruction by starting a nuclear war; that they "count the costs" before deciding on an action; that they cannot simultaneously want and not want coexistence.

All such reasoning, and the presuppositions upon which it rests, Professor Niemeyer challenges and disproves. In particular and in chief he destroys the key assumption upon which the prevailing ideas of Communist behavior are ultimately grounded: the assumption that Communists are (in our sense) *rational*. Professor Niemeyer shows that, though there are rational elements in their behavior (for example, in certain of their tactical decisions), its general form is irrational both in the strict sense of entailing the acceptance of contradictions and in the relative, historical sense of "going beyond" the limits of normality in action. The essence of Communism must be traced down through its metaphysical root system to the taproot: the "idolization" of truth conceived as a political weapon.

The conclusions are drastic:

"1. Any policy aimed at an 'understanding' between the Soviet Union and the United States is based on a mistaken interpretation of the Soviet mentality . . .

"2. Peace . . . is not possible with an adversary who rejects the very right of other societies to exist . . . A genuine relaxation of world tensions . . . cannot be expected as long as Soviet Communism retains its immense base of state power . . .

"3. It is unwise and unrealistic to base Western policy on the exclusion of any Soviet courses of action. The Soviets . . . may take a course Westerners would judge suicidal."

The Communist mental world is incompatible with ours because "Communists *will* it to be totally other and stake their life on the difference. . . . If their system has elements of rationality, it is . . . an *irreconcilably* different rationality." We can gain some insight into it only by an imaginative projection, sprung from many years of intimate study and experience, that enables us to

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see reality as if through their categorical lens. This, together with a grasp of their system's one element of paradoxical consistency: "active and complete negation . . . From its very beginnings, Marxism-Leninism has conceived the relation between itself and the rest of the world as one of destruction. . . . One could almost say the hidden philosophical starting point of Communist thinking is: 'I say No, therefore I am.'"

The ineluctable otherness of the Communist world does not of itself guarantee its victory over ours. Professor Niemeyer briefly suggests how its very irrationality, which makes it so hard for us to pin, is a source of several species of weakness that we might exploit. We could not, of course, under the guidance of those who in estimating the Soviet Union are subject to the epistemological error that is the topic of this book: the fallacy of misapplied categories, one might call it. This is surely part of the explanation of why the State Department under the present Administration has continued to do so badly, even though it has rid itself of the chief carriers of active infection, and has brought in men of such intelligence, integrity and proved ability as Herbert Hoover, Jr. and Robert Bowie. Their fine qualities serve to no purpose, because they wander in a metaphysical maze.

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"Reactionary Elite"

The New Isolationism: A Study in Politics and Foreign Policy Since 1950, by Norman A. Graebner. 289 pp. New York: Ronald Press. \$4.00

The thesis of Professor Graebner, who teaches history at Iowa State College, is that Americans in the last half dozen years have "lost their sense of reality in foreign affairs," and will not regain it until they "accept the realities of power and possession" and create the "foundations for future accommodation" with the Communist world. Pending that time of enlightenment, which he considers far off, the United States will remain isolated and ineffective, out of step with the British (who have "no animus against Red leadership" in China), other allies and, of course, the neutralist nations.

Mr. Graebner has woven an impressive fabric of argument out of these main strands: The Acheson idea of containment as the maximum free-world goal; the Kennan concept of the "finality" of Soviet colonial conquests; and the Lippmann theme of foreign affairs as the exclusive domain of an elite of experts.

The mischief, as Professor Graebner sees it, can be dated at the midpoint of the second Truman Administration. It was then, under the impact of Mao Tse-tung's victories, that our "new isolationists" began to succeed in routing the forces of reason, containment and accommodation. The priority of politics in our kind of democracy did the rest. Operating with assumptions that are no longer valid, if they ever were, the New Isolationists imposed "inflexible patterns" upon our diplomacy—especially the refusal to dump Chiang Kai-shek and the obsession with liberation—which Eisenhower and Dulles, though they know better, cannot break through.

The hallmarks of the New Isolationism, according to the author, are "unilateralism in diplomacy"—that is to say, go-it-alone policies—and "illusions of omnipotence vis-à-vis both Red China and Russia." Its leaders and spokesmen (the villains of the book) include the late Senator Taft, General MacArthur, General Van Fleet, Senators Knowland and Jenner, and, of course, Joe McCarthy. The heroes, by the same token, are, in addition to Acheson, Kennan and Lippmann, people like John K. Fairbank, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and a slew of British political pundits.

The Neo-Isolationists, as defined by Professor Graebner, are "extremists" who "would settle for nothing less than the contraction of Russian power" and stubbornly refuse to write off the satellites. Under their influence President Eisenhower says things like "There is also need to bring hope to the world's enslaved peoples," and Senator Knowland demands unrealistically that we "rally the moral force of world opinion behind the cause of human freedom." They reflect a "reactionary-nationalist elite." Says Professor Graebner.

EUGENE LYONS

The Decline of Huxley

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow, and Other Essays, by Aldous Huxley. 301 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$4.00

At first glance these new essays would seem to demonstrate no more than what has been apparent for some years: the decline of Aldous Huxley. Once an unrivalled satirist of his age, he has become in late years a moderately entertaining highbrow journalist and a semi-slick novelist.

In *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* he touches upon a potpourri of subjects—from activated sludge and do-it-yourself (of which he approves) to Dante, Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot (of whom he disapproves). The mode of his style has not changed in thirty years, but the life has gone out of it. The turned phrase just misses the mark; the association of incongruous ideas that in *Antic Hay* or *Mortal Coils* exposed in a brilliant flash some absurdity of twentieth-century civilization is now too often slightly on the hither side of banality, and sometimes degenerates into sheer bad taste.

At the immediate level of criticism, then, this appears to be but another instance of what has happened before and will happen again, the recurring pathos of

> Runners whom renown outran
> And the name died before the man.

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But why, in this instance? It is an enquiry worth pursuing, if only as an act of piety; for upon many of us who came to consciousness in the twenties, Huxley exerted an influence second only perhaps to that of T. S. Eliot in opening our minds to fundamental philosophical problems.

The influence was, it must be admitted, iconoclastic, but *pace* Messrs. Babbitt and Kirk, there are times when there is immense value to iconoclasm. When the icons are not only images of false gods, but stuffy to boot—and Heaven knows they *were* in the years after World War One—the road to truth and to the recovery of tradition will inevitably pass over the debris of shattered images. Other roads, it is true, also pass over the same field of shards. some leading to the shrines of gods as false and infinitely more malignant. some leading nowhere, petering out in wastes of meaninglessness.

And here is the crux of the matter. Unlike Eliot and others who shared with him the mordant criticism of an era, Huxley has never been able to regain the high road of Western civilization. Fascinated by all sorts of "modern" scientistic problems—garbage disposal, soap and sanitation, "population control"—yet unable to accept the materialist philosophy of a scientistic age, he has constructed a fantastic position compounded of bits and ends of Eastern philosophy, remnants of Western aestheticism, and scattered pronouncements derived from the more lurid of the prophets of science. Consistent in its inconsistency, this patchwork "philosophy" is projected at the most unexpected moments into whatever he may be discussing.

It is a sad end for so gifted a mind. But it is a self-willed end. For, despite his stance of the seeker after truth, there is one place Huxley has never been willing to look for truth—in the traditions of his own civilization. Always, in all his thinking there has prevailed an almost pathological hatred of the Word. Reason and revelation, as the West has known them, are alike anathema to him. And the vaporings of a California mysticism—neither Eastern or Western, but an empty pseudo-religiosity—are all he has to fill the void.

FRANK S. MEYER

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Living Magic, by Ronald Rose. 240 pp. New York: Rand McNally and Company. $3.75

The author and his wife spent more than six years among the most primitive aborigines of Australia. They brought back a great deal of gossip about the behavior of natives, some anthropological observations, conjectures flavored with the usual velleities of do-gooders, and the conviction that the lower forms of human life have telepathic powers. The prize datum for support of this conclusion was provided by one native woman who, using Professor Rhine's well-known cards, identified the unseen card about three times in ten trials (488 out of 1,700) whereas she should have been right only twice by chance.

R. P. O.

Jesse H. Jones, The Man and the Statesman, by Bascom N. Timmons. 414 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $6.00

If the administration of thoroughly bad measures by an honest man can ever be justified, then Jesse Jones' administration of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is the classical case in point. Bascom Timmons' biography is a detailed record of that career; and it has the additional merit of offering fascinating glimpses of the chaos that was Roosevelt's official family, of the arbitrary personal attitudes of Roosevelt himself, and of the antics of Henry Wallace.

F. S. M.

The Statecraft of Machiavelli, by Herbert Butterfield. 167 pp. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.00

Machiavelli, long a symbol for political deviousness and deviltry, has in recent years been rehabilitated as the father of modern political science. Herbert Butterfield shows, with his peculiar grace and precision, that there is truth to both views. Whatever implications one cares to draw concerning the morality of contemporary political science, Mr. Butterfield's succinct book proves that Machiavelli's systematic approach to the problems of politics cannot relieve him of the accusation of unprincipledness. "The only true portrait of Machiavellism is a Napoleon Bonaparte. And he is the clearest commentary upon the system."

F. S. M.

American Social Patterns, edited and selected by William Petersen. 263 pp. New York: Doubleday Anchor Books. $.95

Five sociological studies of the kind usually found only in the sociological journals and in massive technical volumes. The lucky reader, whose poverty has previously protected him from exposure to the incoherent verbiage that passes for English among the sociologists, now no longer has an excuse: this book sells for 95 cents.

F. S. M.

The Living Faith for Today, by Ernest Gordon. 255 pp. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. $3.75

The evangelical enthusiasm of the Dean of the Chapel of Princeton University becomes, at times, disquieting. He proclaims that "War is contrary to the will of God," and proudly reports that his historical studies have shown conclusively that in the Roman Empire "soldiers who became Christians became Christians and ceased to be soldiers." The news of such exemplary conduct will doubtless—*si quid sentiunt Manes*—bring a sardonic smile to the face of Edward Gibbon.

R. P. O.

American Catholics and the Intellectual Life, by John Tracy Ellis. 63 pp. New York: Hanover House. $1.25

In the last year or so a very serious discussion has been proceeding in the Catholic press on the relation of Catholicism to intellectual life in America. This is a reprint, in book form, of an article by Monsignor Ellis originally published in *Thought,* an article which has become the center of that discussion. The import of the analysis applies to American life and American education as a whole, Catholic and non-Catholic, and will be stimulating to anyone concerned with the decay of education and the rampant contempt for the intellect.

F. S. M.

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National Trends

L. BRENT BOZELL

(*Cont'd from* p. 8)

not actually encouraging, decentralization. A plausible explanation of Soviet interference in Poland is that the Kremlin felt the Polish leaders were permitting anti-Russianism to go too far. A certain amount of anti-Russianism is to be expected, and may even be necessary, when a Communist government seeks to depose Moscow-oriented officials. The Kremlin must accept this, but it will also try to minimize it and keep it in bounds. Divided counsels in the Kremlin as to what constituted "in bounds" for anti-Russianism in Poland, and what could successfully be done to keep it in bounds, were responsible for the clumsy and indecisive diplomacy which culminated in the flight to Warsaw. There are reasons to be pleased with this development, the skeptics say, but hardly grounds for long-term optimism. Gomulka, after all, affirmed his solidarity with the Soviet Union within twenty-four hours; Moscow had to wait eight years for Tito to do the same thing.

U.S. Aid Questioned

As regards No. 4, the skeptics profess to see no signs of *anti-Communist* revolution in Eastern Europe (they do not understand the ferment in Hungary to be generically anti-Communist in nature) and they deny that such a development can reasonably be anticipated, if they are right about contentions 1, 2 and 3.

Finally, the skeptics question the wisdom of current U.S. aid policies, even assuming the correctness of the State Department's views about decentralization. Assume what you like, they say, about the possibilities of a Yugoslavia or a Poland adopting an anti-Soviet foreign policy: how will U.S. aid enhance these policies if it is proffered indiscriminately, if the Communist regime in question knows, as Tito's now does, that it will receive aid regardless of what it does on the international front? And assume what you like about the possibilities of "economic discontent" forcing political concessions out of Communist regimes. Does U.S. economic aid, the skeptics ask, promise to *increase* economic discontent?

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Out in the field——he has a portable office

Get out where the business is

... the Voicewriter frees you from your desk

Often opportunity doesn't bother to knock! You have to put on your hat and go out to build business.

That's why so many executives have added the Edison Voicewriter to their team. It's the electronic assistant that frees you from limiting office routine. Lets you record your ideas – at any hour – any place.

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Why don't you arrange for a free trial of the Edison Voicewriter. Just phone your Edison business consultant. No obligation. His phone listing is Edison Voicewriter.

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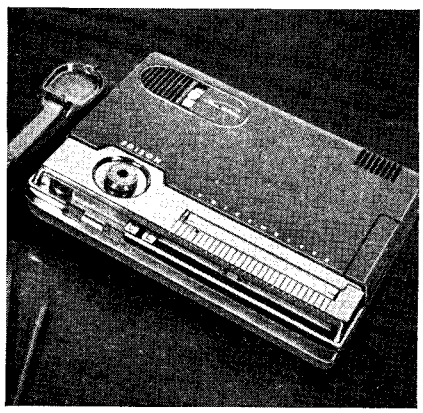

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED
PIONEER IN ELECTRONICS

CREATOR OF
THE ELECTRONIC VOICEWRITER

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This proposition takes 3 prepositions

GOOD government is a proposition that takes 3 prepositions: government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people. We can't have good government of and for the people without government *by* the people. And what is government by the people?

It's more than casual and perfunctory voting. It's raising an indignant protest whenever the principles of American government are threatened. It's action under law to thwart those who violate or would circumvent those principles. It's freely expressing praise, or condemnation, of government programs or actions. It's opposing favoritism of the few at the expense of the many. It's demanding just consideration of the problems that affect the well-being of all.

That's government *by* the people. And upon it depends good government of and for the people, to the end that— "... it shall not perish from the earth".

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